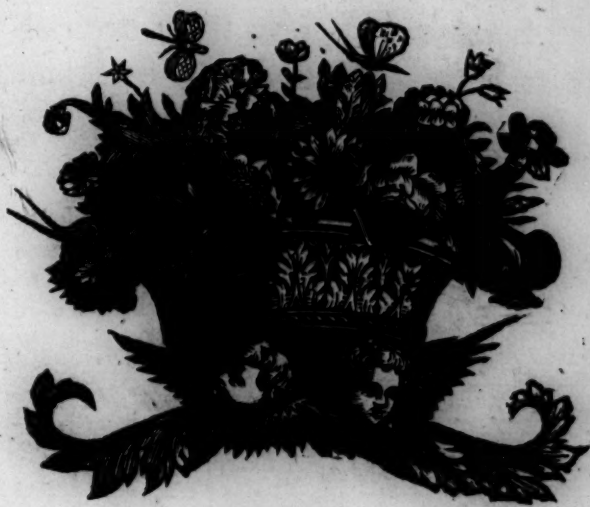


A 7/6
LETTER
TO A
FRIEND,

UPON THE
Successes of the Year M.DCC.VIII.

*Continuant Superi pleno Brittanna favore
Gaudia, Successusque novis Successibus urgent.*

Claudian de Laud. Stilic. Lib. I.



L O N D O N:

Printed for *Tbo. Ward* in the *Inner-Temple Lane*,
and are to be sold by *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*. 1709.

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LETTER

TO A

MAY 17 1916

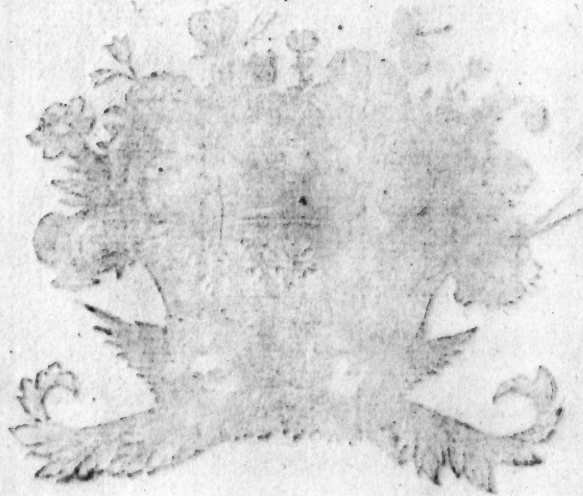
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FRIDAY

UPON THE

Successes of the Year M.DCC.LIII

Campanius, Robertus, pater Britannicus, pater
Carmine, successibus annis successibus regem
Clavian de I and Sili. I p. 1.



LONDON

Printed for the World in the New-England
and are to be sold by J. M. P. near
New-England

SIR,

THO' *Flandria* calls our Glorious Chief away,
 And envies *Britain* scarce a Months short stay,
 Tho' future Laurels at a distance shew
 That our old Triumphs shall be lost in new,
 And forming Councils wait but *Marlbro's* Word,
 To fix their Projects, and direct their Sword;
 Yet since my Friend would in my Numbers hear
 The Tale of War, and Business of the Year,
 Tho' nor in War am I, nor Numbers skill'd,
 A Stranger to the God which *Prior* fill'd,
 When *Spencer's* Stile, and *Horace* Heat combin'd
 To sing of *Marlbro'*, and to show Mankind
 Something beyond what we in either find.
 I will obey, since you the Muse invite,
 And a plain Story of the War recite.
 To you this Song, not to the World, is due,
 And I would write again, altho' I knew
 The World dislik'd it, if approv'd by you.

Old *Lewis*, with repeated Losses vex'd,
 His Council dubious, and himself perplex'd,
 Floats in a Labyrinth of Thought, and dreams
 Of novel Projects, and unpractis'd Schemes;
 Pleas'd with the flattering View, the Tyrant smiles,
 Prefaging Fortune to his future Wiles;
 But soon as he reflects on *Anna's* Care,
 Her *Marlbro's* Thunder rattles in his Ear,
 Uncertain Passions rule his Breast by turns,
 With Fear he trembles, and with Anger burns;
 United *Britain* most his Bosom moves,
 And in Extremes each restless Passion proves:
 " And is at last, the furious Tyrant cry'd,
 " Is their great Gordian Knot, and by a Woman ty'd?
 " And are the Rival Kingdoms One? and shall
 " This little Island Lord it o'er the Ball?
 " And am I *Lewis* still? By Heav'n! by *Lewis* Word,
 " I'll cut their mighty Knot with *James* his Sword,
 " *Britain* shall tremble, and confess Her Lord.
 The Tyrant spoke; and careless of his own,
 He sends the Youth to claim another's Throne.

Jannus had bound the Circle of the Year,
 Winter began to sink, and Spring appear;
 The spurious Boy-King, with unlucky Gales,
 To strong *Britannia's* Coast directs his Sails,
 Weakly presumes with Gallick Force to meet
 The royal Terrors of a *British* Fleet:
 On ev'ry Sail the youthful Bigot paints
 Auxiliar Troops of Legendary Saints;
 True Emblems of himself, whose Feats in War
 Shall prove as wondrous, and shall sound as far,
 As theirs in pious Miracles achiev'd,
 And be with equal Confidence believ'd.
 But him the Papal Promises inspire,
 Give a false Courage, and religious Fire;
 He feels the Pope his powerful Fingers spread,
 And Show'rs of Blessings fall upon his Head.
 But what can all the Pow'rs of *France* combin'd
 With *Romish* Zeal, and factious Bigots joyn'd,
 Oppos'd to *Anna's* Prayers, to *Anna's* Cause,
 To mild Religion, fix'd on happy Laws,
 To Senates watchful of the Publick Good,
 Unshaken Loyalty, and noble Blood,
 To faithful Councils long in Danger seen,
 And freeborn Subjects fighting for their Queen?
 Behold the Youth with *Britain's* Navy meets,
 He hears their Thunder, and with speed retreats;
 Then ev'ry Saint, and Wind, and Wave implores
 To waft him safely to *Dunkirk's* Shores;
 No more for Crowns is his ambitious Aim,
 His humble Vow is *France*, and Life his Claim.

Go, giddy Youth, thy mighty Conquest boast,
 To have beheld untook *Britannia's* Coast,
 And trembling, in thy Mother's Arms, relate
 The Dread and Danger of impending Fate.
 Nor form'd for War, nor born unto a Crown,
 Lay thy vain Arms, and thy Pretences down;
 Be it thy Art to rule the flowing Hair,
 Be all thy Conquests o'er the *Gallic* Fair;
 To teach the Feet in measur'd Dance to fall,
 And shine the foremost at the Midnight Ball.
 The Sons of *France*, by thy Example warn,
 To save their Honour, and their Fate discern,
 At home secure, and undisgrac'd from far,
 From the Journals of a distant War

Unsatisfy'd, my Friend, with what I've done,
 I wish I never had the Task begun,
 I know 'tis easie for a Line or two,
 D——, or laurel'd T——, the same may do:
 Who cannot Verse for the Pretender find,
 And paint the flying Youth before the Wind?
 But *Marlbro'*, Sir, and the Campaign's behind.
 Who can describe the Harvest of his Sword,
 Submitted Towns; and Provinces restor'd?
 Cities which half a Century employ'd,
 Within the Compass of two Moons destroy'd?
 Far other Nerves these Labours, Sir, require,
Spencer to write, and *Sidney* to inspire;
 Or if to modern Names the same be due,
 Prior the Bard, the God be *Montagne*.
 This might another *Aeneid* raise——But I
 Low as my Genius is, must still comply,
 Weak to perform, unable to deny.

Now flew the posting Youth from Place to Place,
 To bring the Tidings of his own Disgrace;
 The mournful Story sounds in *Lewis's* Ear,
 His Doubts encrease, and alarms his Fear.
 Who shall retrieve his Country's Glory lost,
 And breathe new Courage in the fainting Host?
 Who banish'd Valour to her Seat recall,
 Or make the *Britain* fly before the *Gaul*?
 This *Tallard*, *Vill'roy*, and *Bavaria* try'd,
 And mark'd, with equal Fates, their Master's side.

Vain Prince! in Person go, thy Armies head,
 And fall a Victim, in thy Peoples stead;
 Go, shake thy useless Spear in *Marlbro's* fight,
 And with thy wither'd Arm provoke the Fight:
 Or do the Gods, like *Priams*, doom thy stay,
 'Till *Marlbro'* to thy Palace cuts his way?
 There having heard the Ruin of thy Court,
 (The *Britains* Pity, and the *Germans* Sport)
 Seen Sons and Grandsons slain before thy Face,
 Expire, the last of all thy perjur'd Race.

But other Hopes his haughty Bosom warm,
 And bid the Sons of *France* for Vengeance arm;
 The Sons of *France* a quick Obedience yield,
 Restless for Fame, and eager for the Field;

Recruited Armies at their Presence chear'd,
 Full of triumphant Hopes their Standards rear'd,
 While *Marlbro's* Genius to the Field is bent,
 On the fair Scheme of open War intent;
 The Sons of *France* to base Intrigue retire,
 Cabal in Darkness, and confess their Sire:
 When rip'ning Plots, by just degrees, break forth,
 And Treason labours with the fatal Birth,
 The *Gallic* Youth descend maturely down,
 To take Possession of a purchas'd Town:
 By wond'rous Clemency the vanquish'd lives,
Lewis learns Mercy, and his Friends forgives.

Ye sacred Pow'rs, who humane Actions guide,
 Who rule Events, and for the World provide,
 What comprehensive Thought, what piercing Eye,
 Can thro' your secret Train of Causes spy?
 Who, uninform'd from high, by you unled,
 Can the mysterious Maze of Wisdom tread?
 Our human Cunning in the search is crost,
 Our Strength confounded, and our Knowledge lost.
 See! Conquer'd Cities in a Moment won,
 And a whole Summer's Toil at once undone,
 Battels unravell'd, at one trait'rous Stroke,
 Projects, and Schemes, and mighty Labours broke.
 See! the Reward of *Marlbro's* Vertue fall
 An easy Purchase to the perjur'd *Gaul*;
 Tho' time shall come, when he shall curse the Thought,
 And wish his *Bruges*, and his *Ghent* unbought.

The *British* Leader, who so long, in vain,
 Waited their Armies on the open Plain,
 Fir'd and transported at a nearer fight,
 Grows with the Prospect, and demands the Fight,
 The Soldier at his nightly Marches smiles,
 Pleas'd that a Battel shall relieve his Toils:
 When now the *Scheld* the fierce Besieger shows,
 And sends the shouting Squadrons on the Foes:
 The Foe, surpriz'd a while, uncertain stands,
 Admires the swiftness of the moving Bands;
 Unwilling or their Force to shun, or meet,
 While Shame forbids, and Fear commands Retreat.

But *Marlbro's* Vigilance prevents their Flight,
 Urges his Fortune, and compells the Fight;

Nor could the Fever's Heat the Hero tame,
 But yielded gently to a nobler Flame.
 When Providence designs some mighty Deed,
 Events must answer, and the Cause succeed;
 Nature must then forgoe her common Course,
 And pay Obedience to superior Force.
 The Hero brighter from his Sickness shows
 Shoots, with uncommon Vigour on his Foes;
 He flies impetuous thro' the warring Throng,
 Swift as an Eagle, as an Eagle strong.
 Near to the Chief young *Hannover* appears,
 Wars like a Vet'ran, and out-strips his Years;
 So march'd *Ascanius* by *Aeneas* side,
 And follow'd, with unequal Steps, his Guide?
Ascanius destin'd by propitious Fate,
 From *Troy*, his Father's Empire to translate.
 But thee, bright Youth, of that illustrious Line
 In whose fair List so many Heroes shine,
 Thee the just Gods preserve to greater Joy,
 Give nobler Hopes, nor take away thy *Troy*;
 Promise thy Years a more sublime Renown
 From the bright Lustre of *Britannia's* Crown,
 Than from the num'rous Scepters *Priam* sway'd,
 And all the thousand Kings, who *Rome* obey'd.

Now the repuls'd Battalions quick retire,
 And still succeeding Troops receive the Fire;
Marlbro' and *Eugene* all their Terrors face,
 And dart, like saving Gods, to ev'ry Place:
Marlbro' and *Eugene*—who can sep'rate name,
 So fast a Friendship, and so bright a Flame?
 Tho' weak my Muse, tho' artless be my Voice,
 Untun'd for Heroes of so high a Choice;
 By *Addison* they shall for ever live,
 For he, or none, Eternity can give;
 The God-like Friends, in his immortal Rhime,
 Shall stand untouch'd by Fate, unmov'd by Time.

O! could the Muse in his bold Numbers tell
 How fled young *Burgundy*, how Armies fell;
 Our *British* Mars should in this Picture stand,
 Driving the Nations with a mighty Hand;
 The Heir of *France* beneath his Arm should bow,
 Shame blank his Face, and Fear disturb his brow.
 Such was the Scene, and such the bloody Field;
Aeneas on the *Tyrian* Walls beheld,

Where the Boy *Troilus*, in youthful Heat,
 Dar'd with *Achilles* in the Battel meet,
 But soon his Folly curs'd, and quick withdrew,
 Inglorious dropp'd the Rein, and trembling flew,
 And heard *Achilles* like a God pursue.
 Muse, to a greater Wonder, raise thy Thought,
 Such *William* was, in *Hallifax's* Draught,
 The Colours such, and such the Hero's Face,
 When on the Banks of *Boyn* he urg'd the Chace;
 Not such by *Trojan Zanthus* was the Fight,
 So great the Hero, or so swift the Flight;
 Nor there more noble Actions were exprest,
 Nor in more heav'nly Notes, and Numbers drest,
 Tho' *Homer's* Fire, and *Virgil's* Justness joyn,
 To raise the Piece to *Mountague's* design,
 And reach the wondrous Battle of the *Boyn*.

Pardon me, Sir, if from great *Marlbro's* Fame,
 The Muse turn backward to her *William's* Name;
 That sacred Name my humble Soul inspires,
 And kindles, in my Breast, uncommon Fires:
 For who can there without a Rapture touch,
 Or praise the Poet, or the Prince, too much?
 Pardon, if half the Battle I relate,
 Nor tell all *Marlbro's* Toils, or *Vendosme's* Fate,
 'Till the dark Shade of the revolving Night,
 Relieves the Armies, and divides the Fight,
 Obscuring Earth, and Sky, and *Gallic* Flight:
 The Victor Host regret th' unfinish'd Deed,
 And sighing see the hasty Night succeed,
 Like Græcian *Ajax* to the Gods they pray,
 Not for presages of Success, but Day.

The *British* Leader now new Projects forms,
 And lays the wond'rous Scheme of future Storms;
 Each Hostile City, as the War appears,
 The secret Counsel of the Leader fears,
 Uncertain where the tedious March will end,
 And hov'ring *Mars* in all his Storms descend;
 Each dreads her Doom, and each, as Danger calls,
 Fore-arms her Turrets, and fore-lines her Walls.
 As when a Seer, by Heav'n inspir'd, of old,
 In dubious Terms had future Judgments told,
 Each Nation to herself apply'd the Word,
 Fear'd the fierce Angel, and destroying Sword,

Began in haste their Errors to reform;
Prepare to suffer, and expect the Storm.

At length on One the threat'n'd Ruin falls;
And *Lisle* receives the Cannon on her Walls;
The Strength and Beauty of the Frontier Ground;
The Pride of *Flandria*, and her *Gallia's* Mound,
Safe in her wat'ry Soil, long time she stood,
And Wealth and Plenty in her Bosom flow'd:
The *Lys* and *Scheld* on either beauteous side
Run at a distance, and their Waves divide,
While two*, of lesser Fame, with kind embrace **Margis & Dulle*
Surround the Country, and defend the Place.
Here *Vauban* all his nicest Art had try'd;
Fenc'd with redoubled Ramparts ev'ry side.
In curious Angles ev'ry Spot he cast,
To check the Victor, and restrain his haste;
Here craggy Walls and Turrets rise on high,
There Rivers flow, and Dykes extended lye;
While subterraneous Caves within contain
A thousand Deaths conceal'd in nitrous Grain;
Trench upon Trench each fatal Passage barr'd,
Fill'd with an armed Host, and Iron Guard;
Each Fort a Castle seem'd, and might alone
Out-last two Sieges of a Roman Town:
Nature and Art conspir'd the Place to make
Worthy a *Marlbro*' and *Eugene* to take.

And now the Cannon marks her smoaky way,
The hollow Tubes around incessant play;
The forceful Engine sends the flying Ball,
And fiery Show'rs upon the City fall:
The broken Walls, and shatter'd Turrets show
Their gaping Breaches to the joyful Foe,
The joyful Foe, too prodigal of Life,
In bold advances presses to the Strife.

When lo! the faithless Earth their Feet deceives,
Her Entrails tremble, and her Bosom heaves,
Th' incautious Troops involv'd in Wreaths of Fire,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in the Air expire;
Fragments of Earth, and scatter'd Limbs around,
Fall in Confusion, and bestrew the Ground.

Long and uncertain was the bloody Scene,
A thousand noble Deeds perform'd between,

Adorn'd

Adorn'd the lengthen'd Space, 'till now the Sun
 Had thro' two Summer Signs his Journey run;
 The Hostile Armies in their Trenches lay,
 Quiet the Night, unactive was the Day.
 The joyful Burgher now repents his Fears,
 The tender Mother dries her falling Tears,
 Nor sighs the widdow'd Spouse, nor Virgins mourn
 In moving Accents o'er the Lovers Urn;
 Still is the Dinn of War, the Cannons cease,
 And all lies hush'd a while in seeming Peace:
 But *Marlbro's* working Mind new ways explores,
 O'erlooks the Distance, and provides the Stores;
 Absent he rules, and meditates from far,
 The rough Materials for the future War;
 While *Boufflers* in his City Walls content,
 Nor storms the Trenches, nor alarms the Tent.
 So lay the *Græcian* Chiefs within their Lines,
 In frequent Councils forming great Designs;
 Troy dar'd not issue from her bolted Gate,
 Nor in a vent'rous Sally tempt her Fate;
 But as around they lay, in dreadful length,
 Survey'd their Armies, and admir'd their Strength;
 Much talk'd of ev'ry Chief, much fear'd, but most
 The two great Leaders of the Fatal Host.
 Labours that keep inferior Virtues down,
 Exalt the Great to more sublime Renown;
 With adverse Breasts they stemm the growing Tide,
 And high, in Triumph, o'er the Billows ride.
 As Pow'r's supreme by all confes'd and known,
 More visible in great Emergencies are shown;
 When all despair, just in the lucky Hour,
 The God descends, and vindicates his Pow'r.
 The same below, tho' in a less degree,
 In human acts by human Force we see.
 This *Marlbro'* prov'd, and *William* found before,
 And Storms and Tempests rais'd the Heroes more.

Nor must thy Valour undistinguish'd lye,
 Pass unregarded, or in Silence dye,
 Illustrious *Webb*! The *Gallic* Troops around
 Compass'd the Convoy, and begirt the Ground;
 Full of his Queen, and of his Chief he stands
 Unshock'd by Numbers of their charging Bands:
Lisle is the Stake, his Conduct must decide,
 Between the conqu'ring and the conquer'd Side;

In even Balance hangs the doubtful Scale,
Webb adds his weighty Sword, and we prevail:
 No more let ancient Tales their Leaders boast,
 And Wonders done by an inferior Host,
 Where a few *Greeks* deferr'd their Country's Doom;
 Or where the *Fabii* sav'd immortal *Rome*;
 They yield to *Winendale* of higher Name,
 The last great Place immortaliz'd by Fame:
 Compare, O *Greece*! and *Rome*! and then confess
 Your Danger, Glory, and your Leaders less.

Boufflers now yields, whom ancient Fame renowns,
 For length of Sieges, and Defence of Towns,
 Content in Loss, and in Submission proud,
 As when before to *Nassau's* Arms he bow'd.
 Thus *Marlbro'* conquers, thus enjoys his Spoils,
 And reaps the Harvest of his Summers Toils;
 While other Chiefs their *Gallic* Talents show,
 In vain Disputes, about the dreadful Foe,
 'Till Councils by the wordy War divide,
 And draw the Factious to each favour'd side:
 The *Græcian* Talkers thus embroil'd their Host,
 And what *Achilles* gain'd, their Quarrels lost.

The *British* Leader, with fresh Laurels crown'd,
 Extends the sweeping Squadrons all around,
 Insults the Foe, and drains the Frontier Ground.
 The Realm of *Lewis* now her Barrier broke,
 Submits her haughty Neck to *Britain's* Yoke,
 Expos'd, and naked, to the Sword she stands,
 And pays her Tribute to the Victor's Hands.

Unhappy *France*! by many Battels worn,
 And by Domestick Force, and Rapine torn,
 Feeling at once within a Tyrant Lord,
 Without the Vengeance of a Victor's Sword,
 How do thy Limbs of Empire wast away,
 Thy Trade at Ebb, thy Cities in decay?
 Scarce half their Moisture to the Trunk convey.
 Already *Doway* fears unheard Alarms,
 And *Arras* shakes at sound of *Marlbro's* Arms;
Parisia now a second downfal waits,
 And hears another *Edward* at her Gates:
 Mean while thy future Hope, thy Kingdom's Heir
 Declines the Battle, and betrays his Fear,

He comes, and sees, and flies the dreadful fight,
 Amus'd with Marches, and the Form of Fight;
 At length behind the *Scheld* obscure he lurks,
 Cover'd with Ramparts, and a Wall of Works;
 Nor there secure, at *Marlbro's* Presence flies,
 Abandons all his Waste of Mounds that rise
 In threatening Heights, aspiring to the Skies.
 When with such Foes the *Gallic* Armies meet,
 'Tis Fame to fly, and Vict'ry to retreat.

The lost *Bavaria* next, with conscious Shame,
 Forfeits the small Remains of former Fame,
 Struck, and confounded, at the Conqu'ror's Name.
 What mighty Wonders can their Presence do,
 Who Act at distance, and unseen subdue?
 Or how shall faithless *Ghent* those Arms oppose,
 Whose Fame freed *Brussels* from insulting Foes?
 A Summer's Course secure, and unannoy'd
 She hugg'd her Treach'ry, and her Spoils enjoy'd;
 This *Marlbro'* saw, and knew the time would come,
 Decreed it first, and then deferr'd her Doom.
 So tardy Justice sometimes seems a while
 On the blaspheming Infidel to smile,
 Suffers his Violence to spoil the Good,
 And riot in the Streams of righteous Blood;
 'Till wak'd by Widows' moans, and Orphans cries,
 On Wings of Lightning she to Vengeance flies,
 Then in a Moment, with one fatal blow,
 She drives the Felon to the Shades below.

Thus far, obedient to my Friend's Command,
 I trac'd our *Marlbro'* thro' a foreign Land,
 Tho' far inferior to the noble Theme,
 I trod the Muses Mount, and drank the Stream;
 Offending once, I farther must offend,
 Tho' I no Poet, you are still my Friend;
 Remember that, and suffer to the End
 Enough of other Realms, one Labour more,
 To bring the Hero to his Country's Shore.

See thy returning Chief, *Britannia*, come
 Loaded with foreign Spoils and Conquest home,
 With Joy he flies, his Native Land to greet,
 And lay his Laurels at his *Anna's* Feet,
 So antient Heroes to the Goddess brought,
 By whose protecting Aid they safely fought;

The captive Helmet, and the votive Shield,
 And all the bloody Honours of the Field,
 With humble Gratitude the Pow'r confess,
 Who led their Armies, and their Councils blest;
 But oh! what Age, what Land could ever show
 So great a Conquest o'er so great a Foe?
 What Mortal! Hero! or what God of old,
 Of whom their Songs are sung, their Tales are told,
 Did e'er so high his Nations Fame advance
 As *Marlbro'*, thrice triumphant over *France*?
 Talking Antiquity herself is mute,
 In Silence owns a Truth she can't refute;
 She turns her Rolls in vain, and backward seeks
 For *Nestor's* Fables, told to doating *Greeks*;
 When warm with Wine the Sage began to praise
 His Fellow-Warriours, and his youthful Days;
 Her *Cæsars* bow to his superiour Fame,
 And Justice signs the *British* Hero's Claim.

There is a height in Virtue's Region lies
 Beyond the narrow ken of vulgar Eyes,
 Where lesser Vertues never can aspire,
 And far below the Crowd of Heroes tire;
 But if in Course of the revolving Spheres
 Some mighty Genius at last appears,
 Some *British* Man, favour'd by smiling *Jove*,
 And blest'd below with universal Love;
 By Art improv'd, by Nature first design'd,
 To show the compass of an human Mind:
 Thro' the rough Paths, and untrac'd ways he flies,
 Still rising nearer to his Kindred Skies:
 High on the Summet last the Hero stands,
 Envy beneath his Feet, in Captive Bands,
 Gnashes her goary Teeth, and shakes her fetter'd Hands.
 Such is the Pow'r of things divinely good,
 We cannot envy them, altho' we wou'd:
 Who can repine, that *Phæbus* kindly Ray,
 Cheers all Mankind, and gilds the joyous Day?
 Or who, that friendly *Neptune* visits all
 The distant Countries of the rounded Ball,
 That *Anna* far and near her Blessings sends,
 Wide, as the World, her saving Aid extends,
 That *Marlbro's* restless, flies o'er Land and Seas,
 To curb the Proud, and give the Nations Ease,
 And settle Empires in a lasting Peace?

Marlbro' the foremost in the Book of Fame,
 And always, like his gracious Queen, THE SAME!
 The glorious Charge, receiv'd by her Command,
 Inspires his Soul, and prospers in his Hand.
 Each new-born Year with some fresh Wonder grows,
 'Till op'ning Months the noble Scene disclose;
 And as the God || his double Face employs
 To view the parting, and the coming Joys;
 He smiles to see the former Deeds surpass,
 And each succeeding Year out-shine the last.
 Tho' the eighth Summer to his Toils succeed,
 More groaning Nations still remain unfreed,
Britain must conquer still, and *Gallia* bleed.

Could his great Soul amid her swift Career,
 But leave one interval, one vacant Year,
 Or his unwearied Virtue check her haste
 To give a backward Look on what is past,
 Then might the Muses hope to keep in sight,
 Pursue their Hero with an equal Flight;
 But he continual keeps his wonted Pace,
 Still pressing forward in the rapid Chace,
 With Wonder the desponding Muses view,
 Nor dare to try their Pinions, and pursue;
 Tho' strong as *Pindar's* be our *Prior's* Plume,
 And *Addison* can *Virgil's* Force assume;
 Not *Addison* himself, with *Virgil's* Force,
 Nor *Prior*, seated on his *Pindar's* Horse,
 Can stretch so far, or keep an equal Course:
 Tho' to the Skies they mount, we must confess
 The Bards were greater, were their Hero less.

But Excellence this Inconvenience finds,
 To warm the least, as well as greatest Minds,
 And tho' our *Marlbro'* in bright Colours stands,
 Drawn by commanding Stroaks, and Master-hands,
 His gen'rous Goodness must sometimes excuse
 The ruder Draughts of an unskilful Muse;
 Which in a low, and less ambitious strain,
 Has sung the Triumphs of a late Campaign.

FINIS